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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00; One Square, one inch, one month... \$3.00; One Square, one inch, three months... \$8.00; One Square, one inch, one year... \$25.00; Two Squares, one year... \$50.00; Quarter Column, one year... \$15.00; Half Column, one year... \$30.00; One Column, one year... \$10.00.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

PAYING THE CHURCH DEBT.

"Oh! husband, I heard such a sermon to-day, By dear Mr. Stiggins, who said we would pay Next Sabbath the debt on our church, and, said he,

"Whoever subscribes—Oh! how happy he'll be."

"And all may this glorious privilege share By naming the sum he surely can spare; You just sign a slip and you weekly can pay— Oh! can you imagine an easier way?"

"And dear Mr. Stiggins said all can afford To give back what only belongs to the Lord, Who will repay treble—besides if we should Just sacrifice something, we'd feel the more good."

"Yes, wife, of that privilege all should partake, A sacrifice for such a cause we must make; I being unselfish, will let you, I guess, Feel good—s' we'll sacrifice your new silk dress."

"Oh! husband, I couldn't. My six won't suffice. Our pastor meant you would with joy sacrifice A few of your pleasures. I thought you'd be glad To give up your pipe and your papers so bad."

—Norristown Herald.

ONE YEAR AGO.

What stars have faded from our sky, What hopes unfolded but to die! What dreams so fondly pondered o'er Forever lost the hues they wore!

How like a death knell sad and slow, Toils through the soul "one year ago."

Where is the face we loved to greet; The form that graced our favorite seat, The gentle smile, the winning way, That blessed our life path day by day;

Where are those accents, soft and low, That thrilled our hearts "one year ago."

Ah! vacant is the favorite chair; The smile that won, no longer there; From door and hall, from porch and hall The echo of that voice is gone;

And we who linger only know How much we lost "one year ago."

Beside his grave the marble white Days silent guard by day and night; Serene he sleeps, nor heeds the tread Of footsteps o'er his lowly bed;

His pulseless breast no more may know The pangs of life "one year ago."

But why repine! A few more years, A few more broken sighs and tears, And we, enlaid with the dead, Shall follow where his steps have led; To that far world rejoicing go To which he passed "one year ago."

—Mrs. John M. Conway.

A RAFFLE FOR FREEDOM.

The subjoined account of an incident alleged to have occurred on a Mississippi steambot a short time before the war is from a German sketch of American travel. I ascended the Mississippi, says the writer, on a steamer, on board of which were Judge J—and General K—, of Pennsylvania, with both of whom I was slightly acquainted. "A hard set, these Natchez men," said the captain, who met us on the cabin stairs. "There's some of them down in the saloon playing a high game. How men can be such fools I could never see!" "Let's go down and look on awhile," suggested the judge. In the saloon we found four men seated at a table, around which a crowd of spectators were gathered. The four were the "heavy players." The game was "poker," and the money changed hands rapidly. We had not been looking on long, when one of the players, a middle-aged man, who, I learned, was a cotton planter, but his last dollar against the hand of one of his antagonists. The latter showed four kings, while he had only four queens. He was "cleaned out," and rose as though he were going to leave the table. "Are you broke, colonel?" asked one of the men. "Dead!" was the laconic reply. "Never mind; I'll lend you." "No; I can make a raise, I reckon. Here, Pomp!" "Here, massa!" responded an old negro, as he emerged from one corner of the saloon. "Bring that girl and her youngster here that I bought in Natchez. Wait a few minutes, gentlemen, I'll raise some money." The old negro went on his errand, and soon returned with the "girl and her youngster." The "girl" proved to be a stately mulatto woman, about thirty-five years old. Her "youngster" was a fine, intelligent-looking boy, eleven or twelve years old, whose complexion showed him to be much more nearly allied to the white race than the black. "Here, gentlemen," said the planter, as they entered; "You see this girl and her boy—two as fine niggers as you can find anywhere. I paid eight hundred dollars for them yesterday in Natchez. Who will give me six hundred for them?" "Will you sell them separate?" asked some one. "No, can't do it; I promised not to. The girl swears she'll take her life if she's separated from her boy, and her old master said that he was sure she'd keep her word. But don't you all see that the girl is worth more money than I ask for both of them? Come, who'll give me six hundred for both?" The planter waited for a reply, and then said: "Well, I must have some money. Come, what say you to a raffle—thirty chances, at twenty dollars a chance! Out with your cash, gentlemen. The first on the list has the first throw!" This proposition created a decided stir among all present. The three players at the table led off by taking three chances each. Their example was followed by the spectators, and twenty chances were taken as rapidly as the planter could write down the names and take the money. Then there was a slight pause.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER WIT

A BATCH OF HUMOROUS STORIES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

A NEW PAPA—SUFFICIENT CAUSE—WORSE THAN MORMONISM—SWELLE BECOMING MORE SWOLLEN—ILLINOIS POETRY.

A NEW PAPA.

Little Pet—"Do you know that we are to have a new papa?" Little Jack—"No; I don't see you is 'stablished."

Little Pet—"No, I ain't. Nurse said mamma was goin' to be married again and that would give us a new papa."

Little Jack—"Who is it?" Little Pet—"That Mr. Simpkins who never brings us any candy."

Little Jack—"Is ma doin' to make him our papa?" Little Pet—"Yes."

Little Jack—"Serves 'im right."—Philadelphia Call.

SUFFICIENT CAUSE

One fine morning Adolphus is observed upon the street deporting himself in a manner becoming a gentleman of elegant leisure.

"I thought you were selling goods for Catchem and Clothem," remarked a friend.

"I was, but I don't stay there any more."

"Why, what's the matter?" "They cut down my salary, and I refused to remain any longer."

"How much did they cut down your salary?" "Oh, they cut it all down."

WORSE THAN MORMONISM.

"Talk about Mormonism," said Bulger; "I don't see what right people have to howl about it when such things as this are permitted in Pennsylvania," and he pointed his finger to an item in the paper he had in his hand.

"What is it?" inquired Sucker. "Why here it tells of one man who has married no less than 1,500 women."

"Incredible!" "But it is so. His name is Mayes and he marries a new woman every few days and yet the authorities don't interfere."

"Horrible! How does he evade the law?" "He doesn't evade it. He is a justice of the peace, and his place is a sort of Gretna Green for Ohio and West Virginia runaway couples."

"Oh!" said Sucker, and then went off muttering something about people being too smart.—Suffolk.

SWELLE BECOMING MORE SWOLLEN.

He was a fit subject for guying. His pants were put on in such a way that the hip pocket was most convenient. His coat, of ancient cut, had lost one tail, but two brilliantly polished buttons still adorned it. Through the holes in his quasi-Panama hat the cold wind was playing with his long gray hair. Entering a broker's office, he said, quietly: "Won't some of you young gentlemen help an old soldier?" The boys let out on him.

"By Jove, donchew know," said one, "looks as if he'd fallen off the elevated tramway."

"I say, old chappie," drawled another, "fa-ancy brandy is the only enemy—aw—'you've ewaw faced," and so on through the crowd.

The old fellow suddenly straightened himself up. The memory of days long passed seemed to rejuvenate him. Drawing off a tattered glove from one hand and a stocking from the other, he sailed in. One swell went through the glass partition into the private office, another smashed the ticker in his flight, a third tried to hide himself in the tape basket. As the old chap walked out he picked up a pocket-book some one had dropped, and muttered:

"It's funny if a man who fit with Andrew Jackson can't get away with people who only pretend to be British."—New York Journal.

POETRY IN ILLINOIS.

"I want to see the poetry editor," said a young lady, who stepped very briskly into the room—"the gentleman that puts all those lovely pieces in the paper every Saturday. Don't you think they're sweet?"

The horse reporter nodded acquiescence in the saccharine character of the efforts alluded to.

"I would like to see him personally," continued the young lady, "because I would be so nice to talk with him about Tennyson and Longfellow, and all those other dear old things, wouldn't it?"

The personal friend of Maud S. again inclined his head.

"You don't think he'll be in again this afternoon, do you? I'd like awfully to see him. But perhaps you can help me. I'm in an awful fix."

"What's the matter?" asked the horse reporter.

"Why," continued the young lady, "I live over on the West Side, and we've got a literary society, and at the next meeting I'm down to read a paper on 'Poetry as an Art,' and—"

"Is poetry an art?" asked the horse reporter. "I thought it was an affliction."

"Well, I don't know about that," said the young lady, "but, anyhow, I've got to get up this paper, and it occurred to me that perhaps one of you editors could assist me. I want to get some extracts from the works of our best-known poets to illustrate what I shall say. Now, there's Mr. Tennyson, for instance, he's written some fine poetry, hasn't he?"

"Yes. Alf has occasionally shot some pretty fair verses athwart the literary horizon."

"Could you give me a specimen of his style?" eagerly asked the young lady. "I never read a line of those big poets in my life—nothing but what the Tribune poets write."

We have got some dairies from Delayville on our staff," said the horse reporter, "but if you want a few gems from the old masters I suppose you can have them. Tennyson's 'May Queen' is one of his most popular poems. Want some of that?"

"Why, yes. I should think two or three verses would be just the thing."

"Well," said the horse reporter, "it goes like this: 'You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear; To-morrow'll be the boss old day for pop and ginger beer; And when they strike the pie, mother, I'll say my little say— For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May.'"

"There's many a nifty girl, they say, but none lays over me; There's Margaret and Mary, and cross-eyed Lucy Lee; You bet your life I take the cake, and of biscuit sweep the tray; So I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May."

"Do you think that is enough?" asked the young lady. "Oh, yes; those verses will give 'em an idea of Alf's gait. Variety is what they want, you know. You ought to have something from Bryant. His 'Indian Girl's Lament' is pretty well thought of."

"Is it? I'm sure I don't know. I shall leave it all to you."

"Well, I can give you a chunk of it."

"Do, if you please."

"This is the way it starts: 'An Indian girl was sitting where Her lover, Walking-Flea-Patch, lay; Beside her stood a spavined horse That sadly chewed some musty hay. Upon a stump herself she flung, And then this simple lay she sung: 'I've placed the bottle at your head, Oh Walking-Flea-Patch, so that when You strike the town and paint it red You will not miss your Laughing-Hen, Who, sitting in the wigwam will Adore her noble warrior still. 'Now, you see,' said the horse reporter, 'those selections cover the childish glee and loving trustfulness rackets. What you want to finish with is something pathetic—something that will make the young women sniffle. Hood's 'Song of the Shirt' ought to do that nicely. Suppose we sing 'em a few lines of that.' 'Very well," said the young lady. "You know I depend wholly on your judgment in this matter."

"Well, here it is: 'With fingers weary and worn, In a little five-room flat, A woman sat with eyelids red Trying to trim a hat. Rip, turn, twist, Then give a spiteful flit, While beside her lies like a ghostly thing Her husband's buttonless shirt. Oh, girls with brothers dear! Oh, girls who hope to be wives! Remember that shirts with buttons are The dream of men's hard lives! Rip, turn, twist, Till your hands are weary and worn— But the wind will sweep with a wailing sigh Through the pants that are ever torn. 'You're very kind," said the young lady, going. "Don't mention it. Come in again when you think we are all out."—Chicago Tribune.

The Fremont Family.

A New York letter says of John C. Fremont and his family: The residence of the Fremonts is a modest white house, perched high on the inside of the broad road that winds through trees along the New Brighton beach, and its front windows command a wide reach of the New York bay and the estuary of the Kill von Kull. There are two sons and a daughter in the house of Fremont. The eldest son, John Charles, or "Jack," as he is familiarly called at home, lives, with his handsome wife and two sturdy boys, up the Hudson. He is in the navy, and his duties are connected with the arrival and departure of ships in this harbor. His younger brother, Frank, is a lieutenant in the army, stationed up in Montana Territory, whither he has taken the young wife he recently captured in New York—a daughter of John D. Townsend, the lawyer. Both of the boys closely resemble their father. "When Frank went West," said Mrs. Fremont, "I suggested that he stop and call on General Sibley, in Minnesota, who had never seen him. He did it; called in citizen's dress, and said: 'General Sibley, who am I?' 'You are a Fremont,' said the general; 'there's no mistaking you. How is your father?' 'The sons are both tall, black-haired, black-eyed, and 'bearded like a pard,' and they both, like their sisters, show strains of their Gallic blood—the influence of their grandfather, the poor, scholarly French gentleman who came to Virginia at the beginning of the century and found their grandmother in her teens. Mrs. Fremont, that 'Jessie Benton,' the mention of whose name notable in the campaign of 1856 always evoked a cheer, holds her own remarkably well. It doesn't seem possible that she could have made her famous runaway match nearly forty-three years ago. She was a handsome blonde when she ran away from the headquarters of 'Old Bullion,' in Washington, and joined the fortunes of the young explorer; now her hair is as white as snow, but she shows few indications of ageing, and talks as brilliantly as ever.

Color Blindness.

Little Nell—"Mamma, what is color blind?" Mamma—"Inability to tell one color from another, dear."

Little Nell—"Then I despise the man that made my gogography is color blind."

Mamma—"And why, pet?" Little Nell—"Tause he's got Greenland painted yellow."

"A chip of the old block"—The missing arm of the Venus de Milo.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A grain of strychnine will embitter 600,000 grains of water.

In winding up the clock in the tower of Trinity church, New York city, the crank or handle has to be turned round 850 times.

A painting of the Lord's Supper made by a French artist of the revolutionary period represents the table as ornamented by a tumbler filled with cigar lighters.

The name of Agate is derived from the river Achates, in Sicily, near which these stones were found in abundance by the ancients. They are now found in Scotland, Saxony, and Hungary, and are also brought from China and the East Indies.

The thimble was originally called "thumb-bell" because it was worn on the thumb, as sailors still wear their thimbles. Though first made in England, in 1695, thimbles appear to have been known to the Romans, as some were found at Herculaneum.

From the army and navy diet scales of France and England, which, of course, are based upon the recognized necessities of large numbers of men in active life, it is inferred that about two and one-fourth pounds avoirdupois of dry food per day are required for each individual. Of this amount three-fourths are vegetable and the rest animal. At the close of an entire year the amount is upward of 800 pounds.

The Norwegian shoe, or skee runner, is used in Colorado for long journeys over glassy snow, or when going up or down a steep mountain. Every one has a pair of those ungainly shoes—men, women and children. Those who have mastered the art of snowshoeing can go very rapidly on them. There is a Norwegian there who is willing to wager that he can travel fifty miles across the country in ten hours, but that is much faster than the majority of skee runners.

In this country a city is a municipality, having a local government and a mayor as an executive; a town is a municipality comprising one or more villages. In England, however, a city is usually a corporate town, which is a bishop's see, and has a cathedral church; a town is an assemblage of houses, usually having a market, or a subdivision of a county. In early times the word town was applied only to such a collection of buildings as was surrounded by a wall. A village is the same in England as in this country.

The larvae of butterflies and moths are called caterpillars; those of beetles, grubs; those of flies, maggots, and those of mosquitoes, wigglers. The term larva, pupa and imago are relative only. While the grub and caterpillar are quite different from the pupa, the bee state is reached by a very gradual change of form, so that it is difficult to say where the pupa ends and the imago ends. In fact, a large number of insects reach maturity through an indefinite number of slight changes. The humble-bee molts at least ten times before arriving at the winged state.

WISE WORDS.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome and dumb to the inquisitive.

Do not be too generous with your temper. Keep it.

Contacts with the world either breaks or hardens the heart.

The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams but by years of patient study.

A thorough scholar carries a key with which to unlock every door in the mansion of knowledge.

The mistakes of women result almost always from her faith in the good and her confidence in truth.

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul.

To tell our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

True repentance consists in the heart being broken for sin and broken from sin. Some often repent, yet never reform; they resemble a man traveling in a dangerous path, who frequently starts and stops, but never turns aside.

Italian Air Made to Order.

A very remarkable discovery is reported on the authority of a fellow of the Royal Meteorological society, to which the attention both of the faculty and of the society cannot be too speedily directed. Dr. Robert Moffat, cousin of the late Dr. Robert Moffat, claims to have invented, after nine years' study, an instrument known as the ammoniophone, which contains an absorbent material saturated with peroxide of hydrogen combined with condensed ammonia and other ingredients, through which a current of air is drawn into the lungs. This is said to be in reality a highly concentrated artificial Italianized air, in an extremely portable condition. Dr. Carter Moffat's voice was originally very weak, harsh, and destitute of intonation. By the use of the ammoniophone it has now become a pure tenor of extraordinary range. He noticed that after experimenting on himself for only fourteen days an expansion of the chest took place to the extent of over half an inch, with a feeling of increased lung space and power of voice, which has since been maintained. Experiments have been made upon choir in Scotland, with extraordinary results. As there are a good many choirs in England, to say nothing of the opera companies, which stand in great need of improvement, the ammoniophone is certain to be in great demand.—Pall Mall Gazette.

HOPES SONG.

The golden dreams of youth Assume a guise of truth Which age keeps never,

For Hope's voice singeth ever, "Oh, youth and strong endeavor, Can win the highest good forever."

Love's subtle intuition Divines life's glad fruition, Distrusting never; And sweetly Hope singeth ever "True love and strong endeavor Shall hold the highest good forever."

Love's sacred trust is broken, Heartbreaking words are spoken Her bonds to sever; But still Hope singeth ever "Brave heart and strong endeavor Must find the highest good forever."

Fate hands are crossed in death; Gone is the quivering breath; And still a low voice never Stops echoing, echoing ever "Brave heart and strong endeavor Have won the highest good forever."

—Helen M. Winslow.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Women generally are clothes observers.

It seems strange that no matter how much gold a man may steal he is only sent to the penitentiary for the guilt.—Philadelphia Call.

A Somerville young lady is said to possess a mania for starting fires. She will get over that when she is married.—Philadelphia Call.

A little girl in church, after the contribution box had passed, complacently said: "I paid for four, mamma. Was that right?"—Anonymous.

"But," said the serenaded man, "I must go out and make a speech. Something must be done to stop the playing of that band."—Boston Post.

An exchange says that Noah was the first pitcher on record. He "pitched the ark within and without." The game was finally called on account of the rain.

An Indiana jail-bird recently scraped off the back of a mirror and swallowed it. It was a cold day for him when the mercury went down.—Burlington Free Press.

When you see a policeman heading a cow for the pound it's no use to tell him that there are 15,000,000 cows in the United States. He doesn't want but the one.—Detroit Free Press.

A writer in the New York Sun contends that the goose is an older bird than the American eagle. Our experience leads to the belief that it is a good deal tougher.—Troy Times.

The United States has 16,24 medical practitioners to every 10,000 of population. And yet it is quite a common thing for an American to live to a comparatively ripe age.—Boston Transcript.

"I Climb to rest," is the name of Lucy Larcom's latest poem. Whence the inference that her poetry does not pay enough to permit Miss Larcom to room on the parlor floor.—Rochester Express.

"Well, sir," said Farmer Furrow to a friend, "I was never so insulted in my life. Why, I was down in Washington last week and one fellow had the impudence to ask me if I wasn't a Congressman."—New York Journal.

It is not so strange that the annexation of Canada to the United States is not strongly advocated by men in positions of public trust. They kind of like to think that in case anything happens Canada is a foreign country.—Lowell Citizen.

"What influence has the moon upon the tide?" asked the professor. The class was replied that he didn't know exactly what influence it had upon the tide, but that it had a tendency to make the untied awful spoony.—Burlington Free Press.

"Who is the first lady in the land?" nervously inquires a contemporary. When you come to Philadelphia, if you will slick yourself up a little and comb the hairs out of your hair we will take you up to the house and introduce you to her. Philadelphia Call.

"Was Early Man a Savage?" asks a magazine writer. That depends. If the early man was dressed to catch the 4.4. m. train, and his collar button fell behind the bureau, the probabilities are that he was as savage as they make 'em.—Norristown Herald.

A neat story of the late Baron Rothschild is told in the French papers. He was very busy one morning, when the Vicomte de L. P. was admitted into his office. The baron, absorbed in his reading, said without lifting his head: "I am at your orders, sir; take a chair." "Pardon me," was the answer, "I am the Vicomte de L. P." "Ah," said the baron, not looking up, "take two chairs, then."

A certain member of the Detroit Municipal government is the possessor of a splendid growth of beard and long, drooping mustaches. Recently he dined away from home, and at the table sat one of those infants you have all read about. After staring for some time in open astonishment at the guest, the interesting youth roared out at the top of his voice: "Ma! ma! he has got a mouth; I saw him put a cracker in it!"—Detroit Journal.

Maid of Texas, ere I go, Tell me if your clock is slow; For I have a train to catch, And must quickly raise the latch. Ere I dart into the night, Tell me, is your timepiece right? Hark! I hear the bull-dog's bark, And the night is cold and dark. Maid of Texas! I must go, Yet, before I rise and flit, Tell me, maiden, tell me true, What number is your papa's shoe! —Siftings.